

T H E  
Lass with a Round-ear'd Cap.

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A PRETTY Young Lass,  
With a Round-ear'd Cap,  
I met in the street t'other day;  
She gave my heart such a rap,  
That down I fell flat,  
And she stole it from me quite away.

If e'er I chance to meet,  
In meadow, lane, or street,  
This pretty young Lass that I mean;  
I'd make her rue the day  
She stole my heart away;  
And she wo'n't give it me back again.

I met her in the street—  
Adzooks! she look'd so neat,  
My heart it was nail'd to the spot;  
She had such a leering eye,  
Wou'd not let a body by;  
And my heart it boil'd up like a pot.

Plumb pudding's not so nice,  
Tho' it's e'er so full of spice,  
I like her far better than custard;  
Neither mutton, veal, nor beef,  
Can give me such relief:  
Why, she's sweeter to lick than mustard!

But, if she's not inclin'd,  
She will distract my mind;  
I never was in love before.  
I don't know what to say,  
Or what to do all day,  
And, at night, I do nothing but roar!

FOWLER, PRINTER, SALISBURY.